

OUR STUPENDOUS OFFER. See page 12.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No 449.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1915.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest
but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



TO
THE
YEAR!

Largest
Circulation
of any
Weekly
Journal
in the
World.



486756

For meaning of
this No. see
page II. of cover.

DUPLICATE INSURANCE COUPON.

To INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

Mr. or Mrs. Newsagent of

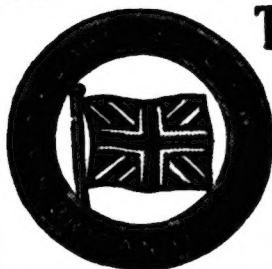
And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death, —

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured

Address



THE "JOHN BULL" BRITISH CITIZENSHIP BADGE

"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM."

THE ONLY AUTHORISED "JOHN BULL" BADGE.
This beautiful enamel and gilt badge, showing the Union Jack in correct colours in the centre of an elaborately enamelled circle, bearing the motto in white letters "Civis Britannicus Sum," is the badge every true patriot should wear in his coat—the badge that stands for honour and your country's interest.

PRICE, 1s. Post Free, 1s. 2d.

Each "John Bull" Badge has a rigid button arrangement at the back that keeps it always secure and prevents it from falling out. Also made as a brooch for ladies.

Send to-day for this neatest, handsomest, and most perfectly finished emblem ever produced. Simply send a P.O. for 1/2 and address your order to

JOHN BULL'S STORE,

Brownlow House, 1, High Holborn, London, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. H. PRINCE, Whitecroft Road, Bream, nr. Sydney, Glos. 127,039.
December 19th.
JAMES WILSH, 22, Shuttle Lane, Aberdeen. 476,835. December 12th.
ARTHUR MILLETT, "Mayfair," Grove Hill Road, Beverley. 356,609. December 19th.
S. LEE, 300, High Street, Bangor, N. Wales. 214,578. December 19th.
SAMUEL QUICKFALL, 35, Blenheim Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 702,189. December 19th.
J. W. PRISLEY, 109b, Church Street, Croydon. 231,328. December 19th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 2nd:—

002627	164216	347499	588978	812450
020762	188557	359855	592945	812250
027798	208659	371334	605777	886853
044299	213208	396122	634588	912668
056395	240714	420473	669923	935657
071320	264483	435872	696501	966421
081079	299885	468813	711436	967367
086071	317740	484950	715242	A000285
099695	331623	509961	751446	A008732
131094	339182	532480	776931	A033494

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 13th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

January 9, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Dr. W. put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played
Saturday, Jan. 16th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.	AWAY TEAM.
			Burnley v.	Manchester City
			Tottenham H. v.	Bradford C.
			Middlesbro' v.	Everton
			Sheffield U. v.	West Bromwich A.
			Aston Villa v.	Sheffield W.
			Liverpool v.	Sunderland
			Oldham A. v.	Blackburn R.
			Man. U. v.	Bolton Wand.
			Preston N.E. v.	Bristol City
			Notts F. v.	Huddersfield T.
			Leicester F. v.	Grimsby Town
			Barnsley v.	Birmingham
			Wolver. W. v.	Derby C.
			Fulham v.	Arsenal
			Stockport C. v.	Clapton O.
			Hull City v.	Leeds City
			Luton T. v.	West Ham U.
			Southend U. v.	Northampton
			Queen's P. R. v.	Southampton
			Millwall A. v.	Reading

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed

12

Address

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address, in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 12, and send to reach us not later than Friday January 15th.
3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on January 16th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, £50 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £20 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £250, the £50, as well as the special £20 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.
8. Scottish readers may enter.

SINGLE-WEEK CONTEST. CLOSSES FRIDAY, JANUARY 15.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H/A/D	TEAMS.	H/A/D	TEAMS.
	Burnley v. Manchester C.		Leicester F. v. Grimsby Town.
	Tottenham v. Bradford C.		Barnsley v. Birmingham
	Middlebro' v. Everton		Wolver Wand. v. Derby C.
	Sheffield U. v. W. Bromwich A.		Fulham v. Arsenal
	Aston Villa v. Sheffield W.		Stockport C. v. Clapton O.
	Liverpool v. Sunderland		Hull City v. Leeds City
	Oldham A. v. Blackburn R.		Luton T. v. West Ham U.
	Manchester U. v. Bolton Wand.		Southend U. v. Northampton
	Preston N.E. v. Bristol City		Queen's Pk. R. v. Southampton
	Notts. F. v. Huddersfield T.		Millwall A. v. Reading

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 449.

Week ending Saturday, January 9th, 1915.

One Penny.

Chairman :

REV. A. J.
WALDRON
(Vicar of Brixton).

GRAND PATRIOTIC RALLY

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1915, at 8 p.m., at the

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Principal Speaker :

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

(Editor of "JOHN BULL").

Vocalists: MISS RUTH VINCENT. MR. HARRY DEARTH.

Recitation: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER (who will recite Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S war verses, "Why is the Red Blood Flowing?").

BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS (Conductor, Mr. C. H. Hassell).

DOORS OPEN AT 7 P.M.

ALL SEATS
IN THE
HALL FREE.
No tickets required.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Christmas Down South.

The Germans are a long way from Monte Carlo, but the gloom of the war hangs heavily over the principality. On Christmas night, for instance, we found ourselves absolutely the only person in the huge square facing the Casino—where a melancholy concert was in progress. And a year ago you could scarcely move for Germans!

A Touch of Nature.

On the way home, we visited the scene of one of the recent skirmishes not far from Paris. It was the private grounds of a famous chateau, and—such is the grim irony of war—on a raised asparagus bed we came across a little board with the names of four German soldiers written on it, over these words: "Our bodies rest here, but our spirits are in the Fatherland." Wonderful world, isn't it?

The Birthday Honours.

Again there is nothing very exciting about the Birthday Honours; but we *must* congratulate Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., upon his Privy Councillorship—*if* only for the fun of annoying Ramsay Macdonald, who would probably have got it if he hadn't been so fond of the Kaiser. Arthur is a good fellow—notwithstanding that he is a lay preacher.

Our Colossal Insurance Scheme.

Acting up to our principle of being first in the field, and leaving little room for anyone else, we have, as will be gathered from the announcement on page 12 of this issue, formulated a scheme of free insurance for our readers against every conceivable kind of war risk—landward, air raids, riots, *everything*. So now you may sleep comfortably in your beds, and walk calmly about in the daytime. Let 'em all come!

What a Fall!

Just as we were informed last week that the names of the men who foretold the war were Northcliffe, Garvin, Blatchford, Arnold White and Wilson—so we recently learnt that the *Globe* was the journalistic champion of the Business Government idea! Certainly our roseate contemporary, when lately changing hands, *did* purloin much of our thunder, but its conversion has not lasted long—for now we find it telling us that "the existence of two broadly divergent schools of political thought is fundamental, and will persist," and calling upon "the Opposition" for "a clear lead"!

"Mr. George."

Apropos of our prediction that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is gradually coming round to a kindlier view of the Dukes, we observe that the *Daily News* now speaks of him as "Mr. George." A small thing, perhaps; but we seem to remember our contemporary taking the *Daily Mail* to task for a similar lapse.

Look Above.

We mean, at the advertisement at the top of this page in reference to our forthcoming New Year's rally at the Albert Hall. There will be plenty of room for you, and the earlier you get there the better seat you will secure. It *will* be a meeting!

The "John Bull" Hostel.

If you have a shilling, or a sovereign, left for the relief of war sufferers, just turn to page 6 of this issue, where you will find something which will appeal to you more than any other scheme can possibly have done. We have hit upon the one thing wanted to complete the nation's tribute to its fighting sons.

Wellington on War.

Here is an apt quotation from the Iron Duke:—"Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." Every Tommy now in the trenches will appreciate that truth.

Don't forget our Great Patriotic Rally at the Albert Hall, January 14th.

Masterman may Wait.

How hard Party politics die in the land is evident from what has occurred at Swansea. That Mr. Lloyd George has a high opinion of Mr. Masterman is no reason why that perky young politician should be thrust into Swansea against the wishes of the majority of the constituency. We would rather see Mr. Masterman sacrificed than that he should disturb the national unity. This is a time for common citizenship, and the man who throws the brands of disunion into the dying fires of Party controversy does an ill-service to the nation. To drag Party politics into British citizenship is to weaken it in the sight of the world. To-day there is one plain, insistent duty for us all. Heart should beat to heart and hand should clasp hand—so that we may go forward to victory, strong and resistless in unity. After all, as Chancellor of the Duchy, Mr. Masterman is maid of all work to the Government—and one of the duties of a maid is to—wait.

Who Mentioned Copper?

Apropos of the United States Note to the British Government on the subject of our holding-up neutral shipping in respect of contraband of war, neutral countries, the United States included, are by no means as innocent as they pretend to be. Without going into the figures in detail, it may be said that in September and October last year America shipped to Italy, Holland, Norway, and Sweden many millions of pounds more copper than in the corresponding period of last year. What were all those countries doing with it, does President Wilson think? Eating it?

The Smugglers.

Whatever rules belligerents may make in regard to contraband, it is evident that, in the absence of general International agreement, they will make them to suit their own convenience and interests. For instance, it is not to the interests of this country and her Allies that copper or rubber should reach Germhuny, either by neutral ships through neutral ports or otherwise. Yet as long as the war lasts there will be neutral owners and shippers willing to take the risks of smuggling these things into Germhuny for the sake of the gain. We know that in the Transvaal War the Boers shipped arms in cases marked "piano," and in this war Germhuny is shipping contraband supplies of all kinds from America, through neutral ports, hidden beneath innocent cargoes of declared cotton. All which goes to suggest that those who play a dangerous game should not squeal when they get hurt.

Wise Words!

Here is a sapient sentence from a circular issued by the Voluntary Recruiting League, of which Mr. H. A. Ashton, the author of that splendid recruiting pamphlet, "One Clear Call," is the Hon. Secretary: "There is not the least question that had recruiting been systematically and scientifically undertaken by a skilful and competent organiser of energy, tact and experience, there would be no further need for recruits. The cause of the failure has been the lack of the personal element, the heart-to-heart talk, the 'common touch,' as Rudyard Kipling has called it." Well spoken, Mr. Ashton! We know.

Without Prejudice.

We note that, by the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, no person is permitted to "Spread reports likely to . . . prejudice his Majesty's relations with foreign Powers." We shall thus have to be careful what we say, in future, about two of his Majesty's relations, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince.

The German Banshee.

Has the Kaiser ever heard of the "White Lady," with the bunch of keys at her side, who visits the castles of Germany to forebode disaster? She last appeared, it is said, in 1879, just before the death of Prince Waldemar—so she must be about due again. Only twice, according to the story, has she spoken. Once she said, "I wait for judgment," and the other time "'Tis the hour!" Let the Berlin Baby Butcher be on his guard, for verily one of these nights he will hear the rustling of the Banshee's dress, and the clanging of her keys—and as he turns his affrighted eyes he will see her standing before him, with finger pointing to the clock, and upon his burning ears will fall the words—"I wait for judgment—'tis the hour!"

Kur Hardie's Sacrifice.

Who says that Kur Hardie is not prepared to suffer for conscience' sake? In one of his weekly letters to the *Merthyr Pioneer*, he recently told how, when the Tory Government imposed the sugar tax for the purposes of the South African war and Mr. Austen Chamberlain explained that "every lump of sugar meant a bullet fired at Kruger," he at once gave up using sugar in both his tea and coffee, although he somewhat discounts his self-denying ordinance by informing us that both liquids are "better without it." Will he now give up talking and writing, as almost every word he utters is a bullet fired at a British soldier?

A "Bad" Boys' Brigade.

It has come to our knowledge that quite a good number of our fighting men are undergoing terms of imprisonment for offences against naval and military discipline, and that several officers have been cashiered for similar offences. In connection with these incidents we should like to throw out a hint to Lord Kitchener. Why not form a "Bad Boys' Regiment," officered by those who have lost their commissions? We feel sure they would render a good account of themselves—if only to redeem their reputations. Then they could rejoin their old regiments.

The Inconsistent Bishops.

A message from Berlin states that German Archbishops and Bishops have issued a manifesto that the present war is a punishment from God upon all the peoples who are taking part in it. Considering that the German clerics gave the troops their blessing before proceeding to the firing line, the manifesto makes funny reading. They evidently believe in the good old principle "Heads I win, tails you lose"—with God for a scapegoat.

Foreign Missions.

This is the time of year when many well-meaning people are in the habit of sending contributions abroad to various missions for the conversion of the heathen. May we suggest that Flanders is the best place, at the moment, to send the money to—to enable the Allies to "convert" the German "pigs" into sausage meat?

Webb's Warriors.

We note that Mr. Harry Webb, the Member for the Forest of Dean, has commenced a recruiting campaign. He says, "I have been fortunate enough to obtain permission from the Army Council to raise a battalion in my constituency." What a pity Mr. Webb cannot send his German valet to the firing line!

Wanted: Gas Bags.

A correspondent asks for a list of British gas-bag makers. He will find it, under the heading "Members of the House of Commons," in Whitaker's Almanack.

Another 21,000 Single Week Football Contest. See page 27.

"The Kaiser's Own."

A fine battalion is the 2nd City of London—the "famous Fusiliers, the fighting Fusiliers." We have always depended upon the good old 7th, and have never been left in the lurch. Nicknames are applied to all our corps, and the 2nd reserve battalion of the 7th have been given theirs—"The Kaiser's Own." Only in fun, though. The reason is that they have among their officers a Carlebach, Guttmann, Heumann, Marians, Hertz and Wagner. The latter will make good music if he is given charge of the machine-gun section. But in the battalion we have some good old British mixed-pickle names. Lieutenant Handyside rings almost as old-English as Strong-i'-the-arm; Second Lieutenant Jones cannot have been born far from the Principality; Major Hogan seems good enough for the Emerald Isle, and quite possibly Lieutenant Inglis may be taken as representing Caledonia stern and wild. Anyhow, "The Kaiser's Own" they have been dubbed, and "The Kaiser's Own" they must remain.

Oh! That Act.

It is rumoured that the Essex Insurance Committee were lately in arrears in regard to certain departments of their work, but just recently we notice signs of vigorous activity. Before us lies a letter, dated late in 1914, acquainting a consumptive patient with the fact that he is "now entitled to Medical and Sanatorium Benefit." Obviously, you cannot hurry these things—and we note with regret, but without undue surprise, that the chosen recipient of these priceless boons died as long ago as January, 1913. How it comes about that he is only just now entitled to treatment which might have saved his life, we are unable to say, but we suggest that if there is any money standing to the account of the deceased it should be handed over to his family before the officials or the doctors have had time to grab it. But what a game!

"The Basest Blow to the Belgians."

Our recent comments, under this heading, on the subject of the treatment of Belgian wounded at the Hadleigh "Colony" of the Salvation Army have, we are pleased to know, received attention from Mr. Herbert Samuel, who in turn has brought the matter to the notice of the Belgian military authorities, who made the arrangements for the men. We are glad of the official assurance that the faults to which we drew attention are not to be charged against our own authorities, and we hope that they will now be remedied at once.

The Church and Us.

Wonderful how the Churches are taking us up! Almost every week some parson preaches either from or about us. Here is the Rev. P. Stanley Eley, of Shildon, taking for his text "Do we want a New Religion?"—having special reference to the article in JOHN BULL. And every post brings us letters of either appreciation or kindly criticism from the Cloth. All of which shows, as we have said, that we are becoming respectable!

A Word with the Press.

Would some of those daily and weekly papers which are so strongly denouncing the continuance of football and other sports during the war, just consider for a moment whether it may not be possible that the country could do with fewer newspapers, and whether by amalgamating several of their publications for a time they could not liberate a large number of eligible young fellows for the front? Charity is not the only virtue which begins at home.

Pity the Poor Penman!

The labourer is worthy of his hire, even though he be the humble military clerk who has signed on to help us in our little job that is now on hand. We find that the majority of them are paid the magnificent sum of 21s. per week, with, to be exact, 6½d. per hour overtime, Sunday work being paid for at week-day rates. Out of this they have to pay an average of 14s. per week for quarters, and on the top of that such incidentals as laundrywork, etc. The majority are married men who have been sent to the provinces, leaving their families at home. The families—God help them!—have to live on the few shillings left out of the men's "pay." The bitterness of the position is not lessened by the fact that we billet the Territorial, beside whom the clerk works, at the rate of 23s. 7d. per week—five-pence short of the total weekly pay of the men for whom we are appealing. If the nation is too poor to give its hard-working clerks honest pay, it should at least grant separation or lodging allowance, and so enable the men and their families to make ends meet.

Wake Up! England.

At a recent gathering of the Sales Managers' Association there was a good deal of sensible talk about the possibility of capturing overseas markets from the Germans. One speaker insisted that Germany's trade with Australia had grown "because she took the trouble to supply the goods for which Australia asked," while another laid stress upon the shortcomings of the British Consular Service. "In spite of recent improvements in the Consular Service," said the Hon. J. G. Jenkins, "there is room for still more. Too many British Consuls know little or nothing of British trade, while, on the other hand, the German Consul abroad is a business agent." Add to this the fact that many of the "British" Consuls are of German or Austrian birth, and is it any wonder that we are a little behind in the race for markets? But—*nous allons changer tout cela!*

Political Insects.

Apropos of the activity of Little Englanders, Small Navyites, Pumpuritans, and other political cranks, it may be useful to recall these words of Burke's: "Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate clink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour."

"Necessity."

With reference to the German contention that "necessity" justified them in violating the neutrality of Belgium, Burke also gives us this useful reminder:—"Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom; it is the argument of outlaws; it is the creed of slaves"; whilst there are, of course, the famous lines:—"So spake the Fiend, and with Necessity—the Tyrant's plea—excused his devilish deeds." But even granting the argument that necessity knows no law, who is to be the judge of the necessity—the man who breaks the law?

Too Generous.

Another eager to help our soldiers at the front is W. Hancock, of 16, Kelvin Street, Hull, who publishes some doggerel verse, dedicated to "Our Boys," which he sells at the popular price of one penny, guaranteeing to spend upon cigarettes for Tommy, not less than one-fourth of the profits! Tommy should be touched—but we hope no one else will be.

Result of our No. 9 Football Contest. See page 27.

EVERY TRAITOR TO THE TOWER!

FOOLS TO THE MADHOUSE—O, GOD, FOR A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!

This is not a political article, except in so far as it concerns the safety of the Empire. We have no intention of breaking the truce. The Government of the day, as we have before said, becomes, automatically, in war time, the National Committee of Public Safety—and we must all support it. Our only wish to-day is to strengthen it, and, at the same time, to strengthen the position of the British Empire in the eyes of the enemy, and of the world.

To speak plainly, we are not at all happy about the present position. Oh, no—we have no kind of misgiving as to the outcome of the war; but we do not believe that the nation, as a whole, has yet fully realised how it has been either fooled or betrayed. We ask ourselves, again and again, who has brought about this appalling horror—who is responsible for this prolonged agony of grief and misery? "The Kaiser," is the first and clamorous reply that leaps to the lips. But stop! Could the mad monarch have done all this wrong, even if he were possessed of the devil, without the help of friends or dupes in this country? We cannot believe it. Eaten up as he is with conceit and bombastic arrogance, he could not have been such an ineffable ass as to imagine that he could overcome, with the aid of decrepit Austria, not only France and Russia, but the whole might of the British Empire—with its inexhaustible resources, and its 400 millions of people. No! the thing is beyond belief. Who, then, were the culprits on this side? We must, and we will, know who have brought us to this pass. There must have been at work in this country either the most shameless treachery or the most egregious folly. This is no time to be mealy-mouthed. The fate of the whole Empire is at stake, and what is—if possible—even greater than that, the cause of Freedom throughout the world is in the direst peril. If Democracy, or Parliamentarianism, or Party, or Caucus mongering, or Ministerial Ineptitude, is responsible for the Armageddon, then we must devise some better system of government or some more effective check to the machinations of men who would, for the gratification of their ambition, their snobbery or their greed, hand over 400 millions of people to the tender mercies of the modern Huns, whose brutality and bestiality can be seen to-day written everywhere in letters of blood and flame.

For this war, as for every other event, there has been a cause—or a series of causes. Nothing in the world is really accidental. And a review of the events of the past fourteen years will throw vivid light on the situation.

THE GENESIS OF THE TROUBLE.

We go back to the year 1900. In that year the preamble to the German Navy Bill gave distinct notice to this country that an attempt would be made to dispute our maritime supremacy. But long before that there had been brought into existence a reptile Press, endowed by the German Government, for the express purpose of influencing public opinion in foreign countries. Prince Bismarck's henchman, Dr. Busch, has left on

record a very full and ignoble account of the workings of this instrument of German "kultur." In this way a Potsdam party was formed in this country, with ramifications throughout all gradations of Society. The first duty of this party was to protest on every possible occasion that the German Emperor was the friend of peace and adored England. Its next step was to preach the doctrine of disarmament and peace-at-any-price, so that we might never be in a position to defend ourselves in the event of our being attacked by a great military power. The Pacifists were "nobbled," and Mr. Norman Angell's book on "The Great Illusion" was worth many army corps to the wily Huns. The programme of battleship building in Germany went merrily on, and our so-called political leaders, Tory and Radical alike, were equally humbugged and befooled into the belief that this country had no cause to fear.

Mr. Balfour and other Party leaders espoused the views of the "Blue water" school, which taught that invasion was a practical impossibility, and in 1905 the Radical party came into power, and Mr. Haldane, an eminent Chancery barrister, was appointed Secretary of State for War! Let us now skip a few years and come to the recent revelations made in the Italian Parliament.

HOW GERMANY WAS MISLED.

On the 3rd of last month the Italian Premier made a speech, in the course of which he stated in the most distinct terms that the Italian Foreign Minister advised Austria in July last to use moderation, and so avoid the intervention of Russia in support of Serbia. Austria answered that she did not think Russia was sufficiently prepared to make war; but if she did intervene, Germany would come upon the scene. When the Italian Foreign Minister pointed out that this would inevitably mean the intervention of Great Britain, both Austria and Germany replied that they were convinced "that at the last moment Great Britain would not take upon herself the risk of entering a European war." The Marquis endeavoured to combat this view, but in vain. It was not that the Germans underrated the power of this country, for even on August 4th the German Minister in Berlin intimated to the British Ambassador that the effect of our intervention would be "terrible indeed." We have therefore to ask ourselves what ground had they for believing so confidently that in no circumstances would this country go to war. Quite recently a sidelight has been thrown upon the matter; and it is now certain that the German plan was to smash France "within three weeks"; then wheel about and deliver Russia a knock-out blow before she had time to complete her mobilisation. Belgium would offer only the resistance of sullenness. England would not come in at all—for the German Government "had the positive assurance of 'leading Englishmen' to this effect!"

Now, without pretending to know who were the "leading Englishmen" referred to, they must have been either traitors or fools, and this nation owes it to itself to find out who they were, and to either try them for high treason or drive them out of public life for gross incompetence. *The truth will come out sooner or later*, and those who have been merely hoodwinked would be wise to admit the fact, resign their portfolios and publicly express contrition. Then the nation might be magnanimous enough to let them go in peace. Failing such candour, we must use our common sense and try to discover who these "leading Englishmen" were.

HOW BRITAIN WAS FOOLED.

And now we resume the thread of our story. On his appointment as War Minister, Mr. Haldane proceeded to cut down the Army by some 30,000 men, and to organise what he called the Territorial Army, which was another name for the old Volunteer force. He opposed the suggestion of compulsory military training (not to be confounded with Conscription or compulsory military service), and never lost an opportunity of scouting the idea of the possibility of a war with Germany. In 1908 the Kaiser took the unprecedented course of writing to the late Lord Tweedmouth, then at the head of the Admiralty, pointing out that there was no need to strengthen the British Navy, and, as a matter of fact, in that year we proceeded to lay down only two Dreadnoughts, whilst Germany laid down four, so that the two-power standard was for the moment reversed in favour of the enemy. At Oxford, on August 3rd, 1911, Lord Haldane made a typical speech, in which, after alluding to "mutual suspicion, largely due to mutual misunderstanding," he referred to the fact that "Germany was penetrating everywhere and to the profit of mankind, and nothing was likely to keep her back, and nothing so likely to smooth her path as really frank and easy relations in commerce, in politics, and in society with this country." He had never made any secret of his sympathy with Germany, and his admiration for her literature—and he had translated Schopenhauer! In speaking at the German Hospital at Dalston on June 29th, 1912, he again made a most fulsome reference to the German Emperor—to which we have already referred—speaking of his "great record," and of his being "half an Englishman," with a lot of flattery of a similar kind; and as recently as January 15th of last year, he spoke of Europe as an armed camp, but added that the indications were that there was "a far greater prospect of peace than ever there was before—no one wanted war." Now, in February, 1912, Lord Haldane went on a private mission to Berlin as a friend of the Emperor's, and on his return we were assured that immense good had resulted from his visit. Even Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons that he genuinely believed that in his noble friend's visit he saw "unmistakable evidence of a sincere and resolute desire on both sides to establish a better footing between us." Lord Crawford called attention, in the House of Lords, on November 11th, to German spying on the coast of Scotland, and Lord Haldane, in reply, admitted that there had been a most systematic arrangement for obtaining secret information—"a highly organised system which has existed for years, and which he, when Secretary for War, was

cognisant of and watched!" But the most curious revelation of all was the speech of Mr. Asquith at Cardiff on October 2nd, when, referring to the negotiations in 1912, he made this statement: "We now see clearly written down in letters of carnage and spoliation the real aims and methods of this long-proposed and well-organised scheme against the liberties of Europe." But our astonishment does not end here. When Mr. Lloyd George went to the Mansion House on July 21st, 1911, he made a most patriotic speech, in the course of which he gave Germany plainly to understand that peace-at-any-price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure; yet, when speaking at the City Temple on November 10th, he said: "When this war broke out we were on better terms with Germany than we had been for fifteen years. *There was not a man in the Cabinet who thought war with Germany was a possibility under the present conditions.*"

WHO WERE THE "LEADING ENGLISHMEN"?

Are these three Cabinet Ministers, or any of them, the "leading Englishmen" referred to by the German General Staff? Or were the Cabinet being fooled by Lord Haldane, who was, in turn, being fooled by the Kaiser? Or, perhaps, there were others.

Lord Rothschild, we know, is a loyal Englishman of great wealth and princely beneficence and without any German leanings; but can he say as much for every member of his family? And what about the Bishop of Lincoln, who prayed God to save us from the "war fever," or of the Archbishop of York, with his "happy recollections" of the Kaiser? Or was Germany thinking of those "leaders of public opinion in both empires" referred to in a well-known German review, amongst whom we find the names of Baron de Forest and Sir Edgar Speyer and Mr. Herbert Samuel? Or of the *Daily Graphic*, the *Manchester Guardian*, or the *Daily News*? Clearly the Potsdamites were to be found everywhere—in the Cabinet, in the City, in sporting circles, in the world of letters, and in general society; but whoever they are who led the German Government to believe that this country was so dead to all sense of honour and to the instinct of self-preservation that in no circumstances would it draw the sword even when threatened with invasion, they must be run to earth. Let them, meanwhile, reflect on their work. Let them ponder the wanton devastation wrought by the Huns in France and Belgium, where even the sites of their former homes cannot be traced by the grief-stricken survivors. Let them think of the red blood flowing, of the desolate homes, the weeping women—the suffering wounded—and the silent dead.

Truly these "friends of Germany"—whoever they were—have resting on their souls a heavy burden! *Out with them.* The Traitors to the Tower—the Fools to the Madhouse. We really cannot in these days suffer either of them. One is as dangerous as the other. Indeed, the fool may be the more dangerous of the two. As Dizzy once said, against the wiles of the wicked you may guard, but no human ingenuity was ever equal to grappling with "the unconscious machinations of stupidity."

O, God, for a Business Government!

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH.**DANGER AT DOCKS AND WAR OFFICE.**

From the very commencement of the war we have persistently urged the Government to intern every alien enemy, and insisted that even naturalised Germans and Austrians should be removed from any position of trust where they are likely to obtain information of naval or military importance, or—what is perhaps more serious—be in a position to help the enemy in the event of a raid. It is deplorable—but a fact, nevertheless—that the powers that be invariably “lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen.” It is not pleasant to keep reminding them of this, but then the war is being prolonged and valuable lives lost purely on account of the moral cowardice of the authorities, who, fearing the criticism of the Brotherhood members, shirk their duty to the nation. For years we have warned them of the coming of this struggle—and the pious cry went forth, “We are Christians and in favour of peace.” That is all very well, but the problem is to persuade “the other chap” to similar sentiments. Last week we drew attention to the fact that during the bombardment of Hartlepool the fire of the German fleet was directed by an alien on a church tower. A few hours after the publication of our article, all aliens—naturalised or otherwise—received notice to quit the coast to a distance of not less than 30 miles inland! That, surely, is justification for our strictures. But what a pity this course was not adopted when first we gave the warning note. For the moment, we will leave the outraged coast and come nearer home. We would ask the military authorities that having acknowledged that it is desirable to remove aliens—even British-born descendants of aliens, including the second generation—to some place where they can do no harm, how can they justify the employment in the British War Office, as Private Secretary to the Under Secretary of State for War, of the descendant of a naturalised German of the first generation? We should like to know, and we think the public have a right to know, for it is they who are paying the price in blood and money for this sanguinary contest. Do not let us be misunderstood. We make no charge against Mr. Tennant's secretary. A gentleman of German descent holding an even more responsible position as far as obtaining information that might assist the enemy—we refer to Prince Louis of Battenberg—took the obviously proper course and resigned his position. We will go further and say it was the only course by which he could free himself from suspicion. So we look for the resignation of Mr. Schlich. Now to another matter.

“GET OUT AND GET UNDER.”

We are warned what to do in case of an attack on London by air: “Get out and get under.” Personally, if we happen to be in the vicinity we shall go out and see the fun, in the hope of picking up some of the German fragments. In doing so, however, we shall accept responsibility and be prepared to take the consequences. But—and here is the point—there are women and children in London, and we do not wish to see any more of these gentle creatures killed as at Scarborough and Hartlepool. We do not wish that the possible enemy in the sky that we are warned about shall have his fire directed on gasometers, as at Hartlepool. We do not wish to see our thickly populated East End, with its millions of defenceless women and children, a mass of burnt ruin and piled-up corpses. We are not alarmists, but knowing the enemy we have to deal with—both from without and within—we prefer to lock the door before the horse has vanished. In the employ of the Port of London Authority are several officials of German descent. They not only have access to the docks but actually take charge of the entrance to them, both by day and by night. These men see everything that is going on as regards shipping—the mounting of guns on improvised cruisers, etc., etc. They know every nook and corner of Dockland, and could, if they were so inclined, be able to direct fire on the most vulnerable point in case of an air raid. We suggest to the military officials that these men should be removed at once. If the Port of London Authority cannot supply their names, we shall be pleased to do so. Where our women and children are concerned, we cannot afford to take undue risks.

Meanwhile, everybody should avail himself or herself of our Free Insurance Scheme. See page 12.

JOHN BULL'S HOSTEL.**OUR SCHEME FOR HELPING WOUNDED SOLDIERS.**

Various schemes are already in operation for the benefit of the brave boys of the Allied Forces wounded in action, but there is one direction in which the ground would not appear to be at all adequately covered, and which it seems to us would afford an excellent way of giving effect to the many appeals which have reached us from our readers that they should have a special opportunity offered them of giving practical expression to their sympathy and gratitude to those who are fighting our battles.

Up to the present, we have confined our attention to providing timely and prompt assistance to those dependent upon the men at the front, and this work we shall continue so long as we receive the generous support of our readers. We now, however, put forward a suggestion which we feel sure will be warmly approved. A recent Continental visit has impressed us with the urgent necessity for some more comprehensive scheme than at present exists for providing refreshments and other comforts and special help to the lads sent back from the front through either wounds or fatigue. We say “refreshments and other comforts” advisedly, because we are satisfied that there are many ways in which, given the necessary means, much can be done to cheer the lot of our disabled warriors. Refreshments, chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco, etc., are all very welcome and necessary items in any such scheme, but there are a score of other things which have apparently so far been overlooked. Bandages, simple medicinal preparations, disinfectants, air-cushions, walking-sticks, slippers, arm-slings, hot-water bottles, and many other items will readily occur to our readers. Then there is reading matter and writing material—illustrated periodicals, daily and weekly newspapers, novels, etc. Again, what about the poor fellows who are incapacitated from writing at all? For these we propose to provide the necessary clerical assistance. There is, too, the important question of interpreting, as unfortunately our national system of education has hitherto totally ignored the practical teaching of any foreign language.

Put shortly, we propose to establish a real hostel, at which disabled soldiers belonging to any section of our Allied Armies may be assured of a warm welcome, without being subjected to inquisitorial and offensive catechism—uniform being the sole passport required. In the exigencies of war, it is inevitable that many a wounded man must be left more or less stranded for considerable periods when *en route* to hospitals and other institutions—to say nothing of the tedium of the long journeys which they are compelled to take. And it will be the main purpose of our hostel to cater for the situation thus created, introducing the purely human, as distinguished from the dry official, element into the administration.

We have already received offers of practical—and, of course, voluntary—assistance from ladies and gentlemen specially qualified for such work, and we now open our subscription list in order to start the scheme. Apart from monetary donations, gifts in kind will be welcome—but these should not be dispatched pending further announcement. First of all, let us get together a decent fund for the purpose of establishing the hostel upon a sound basis. We start the list with a subscription of £100, and have no doubt that next week sufficient will have been subscribed to enable us to set to work in earnest.

“CROWN”—ING CHEEK.**“CIVIL SERVICE” BANK'S DECEPTIVE DEVICE.**

Seeing that the affairs of the so-called Civil Service Bank are now in the hands of the Board of Trade, we refrain from commenting on the disclosures made at the recent meeting of shareholders and creditors. But we would point out that—as in the case of the other ill-starred concern, the National Penny Bank—the Civil Service Bank sailed under false colours; that it had not the slightest justification for embellishing its cheque-forms with a crown is perfectly clear. In view of other facts which have lately come to light in connection with the “Bank,” we trust that the investigation into its affairs will be both vigorous and searching.

Over 2,300 “Bullets” Prizes, value £1,000 this week.

THE EMERGENCY ACT.**ATTEMPTS TO EVADE THE LAW.**

Despite the helpful provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, the bailiffs seem to be as busy as ever, and there is no doubt that in too many instances they have acted in direct contravention of the statute.

Unhappily, many tenants appear to be quite ignorant of their title to relief, although in some few instances they have successfully turned the tables on the brokers. At the Bow County Court, quite recently, before his Honour Judge Smyly, K.C., a Leyton resident sued a City firm of estate agents who had entered upon his premises and seized a piano in respect of arrears of rent. The distress was levied shortly after the passing of the Emergency Act, and the defendants, who had entirely ignored its provisions, pleaded that they were quite unaware of the amendment of the law. "Ignorance of law excuses nobody"—least of all a firm claiming to execute its provisions—and it is hoped that the damages awarded to the tenant by the jury in this case may serve as a salutary warning. Meanwhile we may briefly recall the circumstances which provoked the plaintiff to legal action.

LAWLESS BROKERS.

At the end of August last a sum of £2 7s. 6d. was owing by the plaintiff in respect of rent, and a day later the brokers intimated that unless the debt were forthwith discharged they would proceed to levy distress. The tenant, unfortunately, was unable to meet his liabilities, and there was ample evidence to show that his pecuniary embarrassments were traceable to the war. At first the defendants seem to have practised some degree of forbearance, but they ultimately planted upon the premises a "man in possession," and on September 7th a piano was seized in satisfaction of the landlord's claim. Meanwhile, the Emergency Act had received the Royal Assent, and the luckless tenant was advised to sue the brokers for damages for illegal distress. The fact that they subsequently returned the piano was not held to exonerate them from the legal consequences of their action.

AN UNFAIR RULE.

It will be noticed that the action was heard in the County Court, and at the inception of the Act it was widely supposed that all applications in relation to distress for rent would be heard by the Judges or Registrars of these tribunals. In practice, however, local Justices of the Peace have been empowered to adjudicate in the case of all properties below a certain rental—though, as we have often insisted, they are sometimes quite unfitted for the discharge of judicial tasks. Already many cases of undoubted hardship have arisen, not so much from the shortcomings of the Act itself as from its unenlightened and harsh administration.

It would be unfair to stigmatise property-owners as a class, but it is safe to say that many of them have resorted to the meanest shifts in the hope of frustrating the beneficent intentions of Parliament. In these circumstances, tenants cannot too clearly grasp the simple rules for their guidance which it has been our pleasure to publish from time to time. Some correspondents have complained of our action as calculated to "encourage" dishonest tenants, but we are quite satisfied that house-owners in general are in every way competent to watch their own interest. Before us lies a circular lately issued by one of the "Property Owners' Protection" societies, and we cannot too strongly deprecate the tone and purport of the following clause:—

Before application is made to the Court for leave to distrain, enquiry should be made regarding the tenant's means, and if possible a statement of the information so obtained should be signed by the tenant. A form in which a few questions are asked would be readily filled up by the tenant before he suspects the use to which such information may be put—(the italics are ours). One question should be—"Give particulars of what loss of income you have sustained owing to the war?" If no response is given to this enquiry, the Court would probably regard with less favour the mere verbal statement at the hearing of the summons because, had the tenant complied with the landlord's invitation to give information, it might have obviated the necessity of troubling the Court.

For cool cheek this would be hard to beat. Tenants in trouble should certainly sign nothing.

HISTORY AS SHE IS TAUGHT.**A SIDELIGHT UPON OUR SYSTEM OF POPULAR "EDUCATION."**

We are indebted to a London schoolmaster for the following copy of a history examination paper, as filled up by a boy of eight:—

Q.—Who were the Early Britons?

A.—The Britons were very strong, and they wore skins. There were hethens. And they went about in chariots and they had clothes on them.

Q.—By whom was Britain first invaded, and why did the invaders come?

A.—By the Romans, in the year B.C. 400. They came becors they were in France and they sow the white clefes of Dover.

Q.—Who was the Roman Emperor at this time and what did the Romans do for England?

A.—Juler Seaser. They made roads and camps.

Q.—Who were the most important of the Saxon Kings? Relate what you know about one of them.

A.—Alfred the Great. Harld, Egbort. King Alfred was a good sklorar, St. Swthen tought him to read and right he was a brave soldier. His other name was Alfred the truth teler.

Q.—Which Pope sent over to England to convert the people and who did he send?

A.—Pope Gregry and he sent over to England St. Augusten. He lived in Rome and he was walking along a streat in Rome and he sow some English chelren and he felt so sad for the pow little things that he said to St. Augusten to go at once to tech them.

Q.—Who was Canute?

A.—Canyout was, he was a King of, he was on a beach and his people tould him even the sea wood ubca his lors, so they got his cheir and they potte it by the sea and they asted the King to teel the sea to go down but the sea went up to his feat and he said ho you selley peple and he was very crouse with them.

Q.—Who was William the Conqueror? Describe the Battle of Hastings.

A.—He come from Normandy in France, and he came to, over to England not for a visit but to conquer. Then he came over in his long sicheps, to England to fight agast us. Some of Englands men of the Kings, made a ring round the King and the enemery the Normans arived down by the English Chanal down about their, and they landed safely on shor. Then the Englush fort very well and the Normans could not at first bet the Englush, and the Normans prented to runne away but the Englush ran after the Normans and they kild King Harold in the cie and he fel down on the floor.

By the way, who was responsible for the grammar in Question 5, "and who did he send"? No wonder the scholar went a bit wrong!

THE OUTSIDER.**SERVICE SHIPS—STEWARDS' "SINECURE."**

Many large liners have been requisitioned by the Government as armed cruisers, and although they are doing very valuable work we cannot recommend anyone who is not directly connected with the Admiralty to accept service upon them. Take the stewards, for instance. In time of peace they are a miserably-paid body, and were it not for "tips" from the passengers they would not be able to exist, yet many of them have stuck to their posts during the present crisis, no doubt under the impression that they would be treated at any rate as liberally as members of the Naval Reserve. They have, however, been quickly disillusioned—for one of them, who applied for separation allowance for his wife and children, was promptly informed by the Admiralty that they accepted no liability in the matter as he "did not hold any naval rating." This seems to us a great injustice. A steward on an armed cruiser takes the same chance as any of the crew, and therefore should receive identical treatment as regards separation allowance or pension. Moreover, the owners of the vessel shirk their responsibility as regards the Workmen's Compensation Act. Thus the steward, serving on an armed cruiser, is an outcast, and his wife and family are first favourites for the Workhouse Stakes.

Keep yourself free for Thursday evening, January 14th—our Great Patriotic Rally night.

THE "DAILY CITIZEN" SCANDAL.

A TRADES UNION FIASCO—MYSTERIES REQUIRING ELUCIDATION.

Amidst the stir and clash of arms, many things of vital importance detrimental to the masses are likely to happen if a vigilant eye is not kept at home, as well as at the seat of war. Here is a matter that it is hoped will be rushed through on the war wave. In drawing attention to it, we are fully aware that we shall not be thanked in certain quarters. On Friday, January 8th, a special conference of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party is to meet at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, to consider the position of the *Daily Citizen*, and Mr. J. A. Seddon is to take the chair. The meeting will be asked to pass the following resolution:—

That this Joint Conference, representing the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee and the Labour Party agree that in order to guarantee the continuance of the *Daily Citizen* as an asset to the Labour movement, a payment of a sum equivalent to 6d. per member per year towards its support should be made a condition of the affiliation of Trade Union and Socialist Societies to both the National organisations for at least three years, and that the Movement be allocated adequate representation upon the Board of Directors.

The meeting is to be told that the war has so seriously affected business that therefore the cost of keeping the paper going until it becomes a self-supporting concern should be a charge spread over the whole Trades Union movement. We do not know the instructions received by the delegates from their different Unions, but if they understand their business the Conference should be illuminating. As we number amongst our readers many thousands of the aristocracy of labour, we offer no apology in giving them a *précis* of the state of affairs, so far as we have been able to gather it.

THE GENESIS OF THE "CITIZEN."

Ever since the Trades Union movement became a "live" thing, it has been its desire to run a paper of its own—and here let us say, we think it should possess one. The ardent wish, however, did not mature until the Trades Union Congress held at Newcastle in 1911. A strike of compositors resulted in the first effort, in the shape of a sheet named the *Daily Herald*. Arising from this, a committee was constituted, whose objective was the transformation of the publication into a Labour newspaper. It met with opposition from the official Labour Party, but continued to appear. At the Newport Trades Union Congress of 1912, the paper was issued as the official organ of the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee. Messrs. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., and Alfred Evans were on the Board of Management. During this time, a section of the Labour Party were busy with a scheme for another journal. Finally, in the autumn of 1912, the *Daily Citizen* was launched. Of course, a newspaper cannot be run without an editor—so a gentleman from the staff of the *Daily Mail* was appointed! Probably it was thought that, by getting a professional journalist, it would be possible to exercise an easier control over him. However, the paper was published from day to day, the actual sales being anything but satisfactory. But, of course, the salaries of the staff went on, even if the paper did not sell, and it is here we think the delegates at the Memorial Hall might score by asking a few pertinent questions. We suggest some for their guidance. What member of the Labour Party wrote the flabby leading

articles, and what was his remuneration? What dismissals of the regular staff have taken place, and the causes for them? What were the reasons which prompted the General Federation of Trades to sever its connection with the paper? To whom were debentures to the tune of £47,000 issued by Labour Newspapers, Ltd., the company which was founded to establish and run the *Daily Citizen*?

WHAT SOMERSET HOUSE REVEALS.

Labour Newspapers, Ltd., was registered in January, 1912, and has thus had a run of three years. At the end of 1913 the company had expended £109,935 in "establishing the paper," and had "£3,781 cash at bankers on deposit and current account and in hand." It owed to trade creditors £8,534. Since then it has financed itself, so far as the public records show, by issuing debentures to the face value of £47,000 to a person or persons unnamed, and in making three separate issues of shares, namely 6,222 in July, 5,390 in September, and 3,636 in December of last year—a total of £14,975—which, added to the amount of the debentures issued, makes just on £62,000—thus giving the company, with the cash in hand on December 31st, 1913, some £65,000 with which to run the paper in 1914. How much of that is left and how much the company owed to trade creditors at the end of 1914 cannot be ascertained until the accounts for that year are filed, but one can draw one's own conclusions from the fact that the hat is now being sent round for further funds, as explained above. In connection with the fresh share issues last year, we note that three gentlemen, Messrs. Robert Smillie, John Robertson and John Wadsworth, who are not stated on the documents to be acting as Trustees for any Society or Union, but give their addresses as care of Thomas Ashton, J.P., 925, Ashton Old Road, Manchester, had 12,000 of these 14,975 shares transferred into their names. We now come to one of the most curious revelations which Somerset House furnishes. Consequent upon a verdict of £1,000 given against the Trustees of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for libel contained in their *Railway Review*, and the decision of the Court that the Society was obliged to indemnify the Trustees, there was formed, in 1901 the King's Cross Publishing Co., Ltd., to acquire that paper. Its share capital, first fixed at £100, was subsequently increased to £150, at which it stands at the moment. It has issued a mortgage for £1,000, and converted itself into a private company in 1908, thus achieving two important objects, one in preventing its paper or other assets being seized in the event of another libel appearing in its pages, as the mortgagee would step in and seize the lot, and the other in being exempt from publishing its accounts to the world. Now this concern owns no fewer than 12,500 one pound shares in Labour Newspapers, Ltd., and we should like to know how the thing was done. Furthermore, we should be interested to learn—as will those who are to be called upon to find still more money for the *Daily Citizen*—why Mr. William Crawford Anderson, the newly-elected M.P., and Mr. William Edward Balston, resigned from the Board of Labour Newspapers, Ltd., and why have the names of the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., and Mr. William Cornhill Robinson also disappeared from the roll of directors? Perhaps next Friday's meeting will tell us this, and many other things members should inquire about.

Don't forget our Great Patriotic Rally at the Albert Hall, January 14th.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

**• A HAPPY NEW YEAR •**

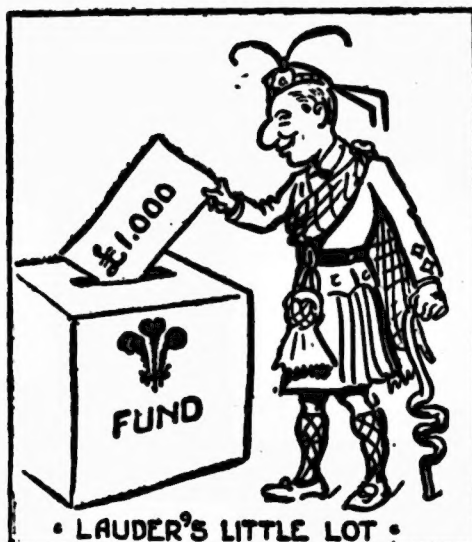
This year Britannia's Fairy Queen
Will Tommy Atkins be,
Effect a transformation scene
To end with Victory!

**• "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ANYHOW?" •**

The U.S.A to Britain sends
A most ambiguous Note;
John Bull demands if they are friends
Or mean to "trail their coat."



The "House" re-opens once again.
And brokers reappear;
We're glad to wish them, in the main,
A prosperous New Year.

**• LAUDER'S LITTLE LOT •**

Now a' the folks throughout the lund
Will laud yer to the skies,
Because at last ye've gien the Fund
A cheque o' decent size.

**• A BAD BEGINNING •**

Once more Britannia's called to weep
And mourn in vestments grave,
In sorrow for her sons who sleep
Beneath the Channel wave.

**• THE XMAS TRUCE •**

A truce upon the battlefield
Was held on Christmas Day;
But only victory will yield
The peace for which we pray.

TU-BE OR NOT TU-BE?**A STRANGE SCOTTISH-GERMAN PARTNERSHIP.**

The Clydeside Tube Company, Ltd.—or rather Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., who constitute the Company in partnership with the Wittener Stahlrohren Werke Gesellschaft, of Witten-an-der-Ruhr, Germany—may desire to enlighten us in regard to the present position. In June last, the Company had issued 175,000 shares of £1 each, of which 87,497 were held by Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., of 41, Oswald Street, Glasgow, 24,001 by Heinrich Stuting, of Brede Strasse, Witten-an-der-Ruhr, Germany, 1,000 by August Reichwald, Ltd., of Finsbury Pavement House, E.C. (who act as Krupps' Agents in Great Britain for their goods other than arms and ammunition), and 62,497 by the Wittener Stahlrohren Werke Gesellschaft already mentioned—the five remaining shares being apportioned amongst signatories, one of whom is Herr Leo Hanau, of Dusseldorf. The directors were at that date Messrs. John G. Stewart, James Menzies and Joseph Howard, junior (all of Glasgow and all directors of Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd.), and Herren Leo Hanau, of Dusseldorf, Germany, and Heinrich Stuting, of Witten-an-der-Ruhr, Germany. Mr. Victor B. Reichwald completed the Board. We wonder whether the Public Trustee, who is now the custodian of the interests of alien enemy shareholders in British companies, has had his attention drawn to this concern.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

Left, right! Step by step!
No officer gives the word;
In regular ranks the soldiers march,
But never a step is heard.
Left, right! Tramp, tramp,
Over the startled ground,
The endless army streams along,
With never a single sound.

On, on, steadily on,
Grimly the column goes,
A hundred thousand fighting men,
But nobody sees or knows;
Left, right! Day and night,
Through crowds upon the street,
Yet never the eye of mortal man,
The phantom troop shall meet.

Tramp, tramp, onward still,
Out from the utter gloom,
The spectral soldiers keep their step,
Perhaps till the day of doom!
A hundred thousand soldier men,
Yet never a one is seen—
For they are the Russian Army that
Landed at Aberdeen!

RICHARD MORTON.

Result of our No. 9 Football Contest. See page 27.

NATURE'S STARTLING LESSON IN HAIR GROWTH.

Wonderful Secrets Revealed by the Microscope.

SEE YOUR HAIR GROW IN A FEW DAYS—FREE.

A "Harlene Hair-Drill" Hair-Growing Gift for all whose Hair is Weak.

NO romance ever written can equal in fascinating interest the absorbing study of Nature. The publication of this remarkable article, illustrating the wonderful and never-ceasing growth in Nature, must be read with the keenest zest by every intelligent man and woman, especially as it contains an offer of interest to all who take pride in their appearance.

Thus it is that every reader may benefit and more easily realise how the tiniest seed grows into the most glorious plant, how, cell by cell, men and women reach their final beautiful development.



The stages of growth in a seed which draws nourishment from its surroundings, just as does the human hair from the stimulating powers of "Harlene."

In plants the cell-forming elements are drawn from the earth. In the human hair they are absorbed from the tissues and from the base of the hair follicle containing the roots.

WHY YOUR HAIR FALLS OUT.

These tissues in a marvellous manner supply the hair cells through tiny blood-vessels, pores, and glands.

But the hair becomes weak or dies from precisely the same cause as does a plant in poor soil.

Realising that natural means only can succeed in stimulating hair-growth, just as in plant life, Mr. Edwards set himself to wrest from the laboratory a natural "fertiliser" that would act directly upon the hair roots so as to induce speedy and luxuriant growth.

RESPLENDENT HAIR AT WILL.

In this way he discovered "Harlene" which fulfils every scientific principle and hair-growing requirement. It is one of the most remarkable achievements of research during recent years, as thousands of men and women have proved to their personal delight.



A typical, healthy hair-out—enormously magnified—as nourished by the "Harlene" Hair-Drill method you may try free of cost.

"Harlene" has proved itself a sure promoter of Hair Life and Beauty and a certain remedy for Scurf, Hair Falling Out, Weak Hair, Over-Greasiness, Dryness, Wiry Obsolete Hair, Splitting Hairs, Feeble Scalp Circulation and all the hundred hair troubles that spoil even the most attractive appearance.

Mr. Edwards has decided to allow JOHN BULL readers to prove this free of cost.

and he announces to-day a magnificent hair-growing gift of "Harlene" preparations and full directions for carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill" in the convenient moments of the morning toilet.

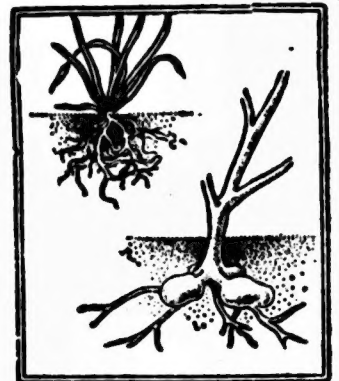
A HAIR BEAUTY GIFT—FREE.

Special arrangements he has made will enable JOHN BULL readers using the coupon below, and enclosing 3d. stamps for postage, to receive free:—

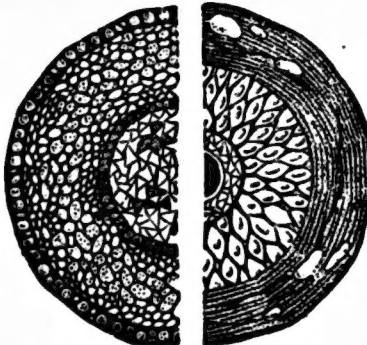
1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene," the wonderful Hair-Grower which has been proved to grow splendid, healthy hair.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder which thoroughly cleanses and reinvigorates the scalp, and stops hair troubles.

3. A Copy of the wonderful Book on "HARLENE" Hair-Drill, giving full directions how to grow beautiful hair at any age, no matter how impoverished it may now be.



Plant roots which have acquired storage "glands" to supply the vital energy. In the case of the human hair "Harlene" gives the hair root a large reserve of energy that helps its growth under any conditions.



A wonderful picture—enormously magnified—showing a section of a typical plant root (on the left) and a human hair follicle (on the right).

Thus every reader of this page may test "Harlene," and so secure, at the discoverer's expense, the benefit of a most interesting and valuable home toilet experiment.

"Harlene" is sold in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of 7 Shampoos (single 2d. each), by all chemists, or direct post free from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Foreign postage extra.

Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. For your free "Harlene" Hair-Drill Gift fill in the form below.

**GREAT FREE
"HAIR DRILL"
GIFT FORM.**



If you allow yourself to go bald, goodbye to prospects of advancement and even, perhaps, to the position you thought was permanently yours. Baldness can be avoided—can be cured—by practising "Hair Drill." Send to-day for the Free Trial Outfit.

Fill in and post to
EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs
Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"J.B." 9/1/15.....